Dany Dycars Dreame,

When faith in frendes beare fruit, and folych fancyes fade,
& crafty catchers cum to nought, & hate gret loue hath made
When fraud flieth far from towne, & lewterers leaue the fielde,
And rude shall runne a rightfull race, and all men be well wilde:
When gropers after gayne, shall carpe for comen welth,
And wyly workers shall disdayne, to fygge and lyue by sielth:
When wisdome walks a loft, and folly syts full low,
And vertue vanquish pampred vice, and grace begins to grow.
When Justice ioynes to truth, and law lookes not to meede,
& bribes help not to build fair bowres, nor gifts gret glotōs fede
When hongre hides his head, and plenty pleaſe the poore,
And niggerdes to the nedy men, shall neuer shut their doore:
When double darke deceit, is out of credit worne,
And fauning speche is falshed found, & craft is laught to skorne
When pride which picks the purs, gapes not for garments gay
No tauels weare no veluet weeds, nor wandrig wits here sway
When riches wrongs no right, nor power poore put backe,
Nor couetous creepes not into Courte, nor lerned, liuings lack
When slipper sleights are seene, and far fatchers be founde,
And priuate profit & selfe loue, shall both be put in pounde:
When dette no sergeant dreeds, and cowrtiers credit keepe,
& might mels not with merchandise, nor lords shal sell no sheepe:
When lucre lasts not long, and hurd great heaps doth hate,
And euery wight is well content, to walke in his estate,
When truth doth tread the stretes, and lyers lurke in den,
And Rex doth raigne & rule the rost, & weeds out wicked men:
Then baelfull barnes be blythe. that here in England wonne,
Your strife shal stynt I vndertake, your dreedfull daies ar donne:

Finis. Quod. T. Churchарde.

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